

701
Donna C L A R A

To her DAUGHTER

T E R E S A:

A N

E P I S T L E.

Occasioned by

A GENUINE LETTER to a young *Spanish* LADY,
from her MOTHER, who had been long confined
to a Convent thro' the Discovery of her INTRIGUE
with a *Sicilian* COUNT.

WRITTEN BY

H. J A C O B Esq;

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N,

Printed for W. LEWIS, in *Great-Russel-Street*, *Covent-Garden*.
MDCCXXXVII.

DOUGLAS C. L. A. R. A.

To her Daughter

T. E. R. A. S. A.

EPIS TLE

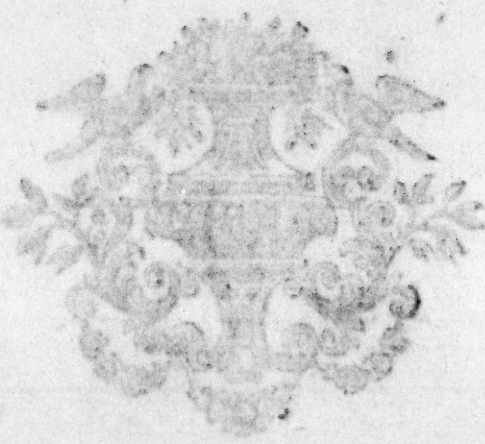
Occasional

A GENUINE LETTER TO A YOUNG SPANISH LADY
FROM HER MOTHER, WHO HAD BEEN LONG CONFINED
TO A CONVENT THRO' THE BENEVOLENCE OF HER INTER-
VIEW WITH A SICILIAN COUNT.

H. J. B. P. 1817



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Donna C L A R A

To her DAUGHTER

T E R E S A;

A N

E P I S T L E, &c.

FROM *Solitude*, which ne'er must know an End,
 Depriv'd of ev'ry *Joy*, and ev'ry *Friend*,
 Accept, dear *Offspring*, such *poetic Fire*,
 As *Forests* dark, and dreary *Wastes* inspire.
 Slight not the Gift, T E R E S A, nor refuse
 These melancholy *Measures* to peruse.
 Deign from my Hands, tho' guilty, to receive
 All thy abandon'd *Parent* now can give!

OFT I've been told, since to these Walls confin'd,
 That the first *Lessons* taught thy tender Mind,

Were

Were thy poor *Mother*, tho' unknown, to hate,

To shun her *Presence*, and avoid her *Fate*.

T'avoid her *Fate*, I do my self advise;

But, O TERESA, bless thy *Mother's* Eyes!

Tho' *Serpents*, *Asps*, and *Tygers* in their Ire,

Are held less dang'rous by thy rigid *Sire*;

Tho' Years of *Absence* can't his *Wrath* assuage,

Or long, sincere *Repentance* calm his Rage;

Repentance, which high *Heav'n* does oftimes move,

And stay th'avenging *Thunder* from above.

DEAF as the *Winds*, relentless as the *Waves*,

Loudly of past *Dishonours* still he raves,

And thinks the *Blood* of ancient *Vandal* Kings,

From whom the haughty *Tyrant* dreams he springs,

Stain'd and corrupted by that *single* Fault,

Which *Love* inspir'd, and which *Occasion* taught.

HAD I been destin'd to a *Gallie* Swain,

Or nurs'd in *Freedom* on some *British* Plain,

Th' unequal *Marriage*, the *Compulsion* dire,

The stern *Commandment* of a venal *Sire*

Had even to my *Spouse* excus'd my *Fire*;

Nor

Nor thou *JACINTO, gen'rous, young, and brave,
 Had'st by unmanly *Treason* found thy Grave!
 But the proud *Spaniard* never can forgive;
 His *Fury*, his *Resentment* still must live,
 Tho' to this sad *Recess* for *Life* consign'd,
 Before my *Death* I see myself inshrind;
 Tho' shamefully submissive, I implore,
 And tho' this dreaded *Rival* is no more!

HAIL, *Monument*, within whose sacred *Isles*
 No gay *Delight*, no cheerful *Object* smiles!
 How often do I tread thy *Cloisters* round,
 And listen to the solemn *Organ's* Sound,
 While *Discipline*, and meagre, short *Repasts*,
Devotion, *Silence*, *Meditations*, *Fasts*
 The tedious Hours in a dull Course employ?
 No kind *Relief*, no intervening Joy!
 Here *Cypress*, baleful *Yew*, and *Birds* of Night
 With hollow *Winds* to gloomy Thoughts invite.

HEAV'N, art thou just? and for *one Crime* alone
 Must a *whole Life* of *Mis'ry* scarce atone?

• Her *Lover*, who was assassinated.

Can nothing clear my once untainted *Name*?

Will *Pride*, and *Envy* never cease to blame?

Alas! poor CLARA, fondly thou dost rave!

Hence, worldly *Mind*! — thou'rt wedded to thy Grave!

Come, *Resignation*, *Patience*, lead the Way

To the immortal *Realms* of endless Day!

There place thy *Comfort*! there thy *Hopes* employ!

There treasure up eternal *Hoards* of Joy!

In vain *Religion* claims thy *Soul* entire,

While at the *Altar's* Steps, and in the *Choir*,

The *Mother* mingles with thy holy *Vows*,

And the *Remembrance* of a barb'rous *Spouse*.

Yes, my TERESA, in the Height of *Pray'r*

Too oft I stray, and, with a *Parent's* Care,

Turn my fond *Thoughts* upon each op'ning *Grace*

I view'd so early in thy blooming *Face*,

When, full of *Innocence*, and native *Charms*,

An *Infant* thou wast ravish'd from my Arms.

O let me once again that *Form* behold,

And witness to *Perfections* I foretold!

So

So shall I rest, like some sad, wandring *Shade*,
Which speaks its Secret out, and then is laid.

ALAS! my *Child*, thou start'st at my Desire:
Too far my *Prison*, too averse thy *Sire*.
Yet think TERESA, think, 'tis I invite!
Consent, to cheer a banish'd *Mother's* Sight.
This *Boon* thy *Father* sure will not refuse,
If on her Knees his tender *Daughter* fues.

TWELVE Years in Sorrow now have slowly past,
Since I beheld thy growing *Beauty* last.
And now th' *Iberian Youths* in sweet distress
Its *Laws*, and sov'reign *Pow'r* must soon confess.
Many a *Song*, many a *Serenade*
To celebrate TERESA shall be made.

BUT O TERESA! O my dearest *Child*!
Arm against *Man*! be not like me beguil'd!
If thou inherit'st all thy *Mother's* Soul,
If raging VENUS wou'd thy *Breast* controul,
Shun the *sweet Poison*! fly the *pleasing Smart*!
And tremble to engage thy youthful *Heart*!

Yet

Yet let not *Man* alone be fear'd in *Love*:
 Loose *Books*, and *Pictures* from thy Sight remove:
 Soft OVID first awak'd me to Desire,
 Taught me to *sigh*, and fan'd the kindling *Fire*.
 When on the *Wall* I saw coy DAPHNE fly,
 PHOEBUS was painted with such *Godlike* Grace,
 I wonder'd how the *Nymph* cou'd be so shy,
 And often gaz'd, and wish'd me in her Place.
 E'en of *thy self*, of thy *own Sex* beware:
 Warm SAPPHO thought her neighb'ring *Virgins* fair.

WHAT'ER Success this fond *Epistle* meets,
 Which from my *Soul* belov'd TERESA greets,
 May the proud *Arbiter* of both our *Fates*,
 The fullen *Lord*, on whom our *Fortune* waits,
 Deign to accord thee to some gen'rous *Youth*,
 Fam'd for his *Love*, his *Virtue*, and his *Truth*!
 Amidst *Castilian Matrons* may'st thou shine,
 And to his *Name* secure a fruitful *Line*!
 While here the thorny Paths of *Heav'n* I tread,
 To ev'ry *Charm* of earthly *Pleasure* dead,
 Till, with long *Penance* worn, I yield to *Death*,
 And bless TERESA in my latest *Breath*.

F I N I S.



